

Health and Home Hints

A Kitchen Without a Pantry.

BY MRS. L. H. PARK.

The kitchen was arranged so as to require the fewest possible steps for the woman doing her own work, and goes away with the bugbear at housecleaning time—the pantry. At the right of the picture may be seen the sink, with hot and cold water faucets above and a recess back, in which are hung the dishpan, dishdrainer, etc., while just above may be seen the knob of the doors leading to a closed cupboard for pitchers, tins etc. The sink board extends to the corner, and you can see the small slide opening into the built-in sideboard in the dining room so that the dishes may be passed through, washed and returned to the dining-room with no carrying back and forth, while just below this sink board are two shelves with a curtain front for holding cooking utensils and flatware.

Just in front of the window is a cooking cabinet, the top part of which has a hinged cover which closes down like a box when not in use. In this are kept the molding board, rolling pin, mixing bowl, and at the right, out of sight in the picture, but right at hand for use, are the spices, baking powder, soda and cutters; this box has a two inch slanting front to keep the flour from scattering on the floor while one is at work, while the box itself is deep enough to allow bread to rise with the cover shut down away from the dust and draft; the two bins below, with drop lids that slide into pockets above the same, are for flour of various kinds. They slope back at the bottom to allow easy standing room. Here the housewife may stand and roll out cookies or doughnuts and cook them on the gas range at her side without ever taking one step and in just half the usual time.

At the left of the range is a corner folding cupboard with a drop leaf table whose top is covered with zinc for serving hot things from the stove, while the cupboard contains all the utensils and foodstuffs and vegetable dishes and platters used about the stove. This also may be closed up in an instant when not in use.

At the left of the picture is a table covered with white oilcloth while just beyond in the corner out of sight is the refrigerator, and between the sink and this table is the door leading to the small hall with swinging door to the dining room. The floor is covered with linoleum and the walls are wainscoted four feet high with tile plaster painted and enameled white, which can be washed just like tile.

Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work.



Are you a slave to housework? **GOLD DUST**

has done more than anything else to emancipate women from the back-breaking burdens of the household. It cleans everything about the house—pans, dishes, clothes and woodwork. Saves time, money and worry.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Montreal, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis.
Masters of COPCO SOAP (oval cake).

World of Missions.

Impressions of a new Missionary.

I suppose all know that the Japanese people are very polite. When they come to see one, they are almost too polite to enter the house. They stop very near the door and it takes much persuasion to get them to an honorable seat. When they are about to depart they ask you to excuse their rudeness for staying so long and ask if they may come back again. If you visit them they apologize for their humble quarters and insist that you take the most honorable place. They thank you for the visit the next time they see you.

When we go to a store to make some purchases we say, "Excuse me, but may I see so and so?" and after making the purchases we thank the merchant for selling us the goods.

If I meet an acquaintance on the street he almost invariably asks where I'm going, or where I've been. Such questions are not considered rude in the least.

If the train is about to go through a tunnel, they are very careful to shut all the car windows, and then they often puff more tobacco smoke in the car than would come in from the train with the windows open. Most all men and very many women smoke.

Time counts little with the ordinary Japanese. They seldom make haste. They can stop on the street and talk a long time on most any occasion. Time is not money to them. If it is they do not seem to know it.

They are easy to approach. They like Americans and English. Most of the young people want to study English and they will study the Bible right along in order to get English. Very many of the young men here carry an English Testament in their pocket. They may read them first for the English, but many of them learn to read them for the truth that is found in them. They will pull out their Bibles on the train and ask you about its meaning.

This is a great day for the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ in Japan. To-day the people will hear the Gospel if we will only give them the opportunity. They like our country, they like our people, they like our religion. This is proved by the fact that it is not at all unusual for a non-Christian to expect more, morally, from a Christian than from any other sect in Japan.—W. F. Herford in Missionary Record.

A Song of Comfort.

BY MACKENZIE BELL.

Not always have we sorrow, there are seasons
When buoyant joy dispels all dreams of ruth—
Times when our thoughts of sorrow seem but
treasons—
To king-like Truth.

Not always are we vexed by cares and troubles—
Often the griefs of life appear no more—
Vanished, as on a lake the rain-drop bubbles,
When showers are o'er.

Not always feel we that our hopes are blighted;
A glad fruition will they often gain,
When we perceive the good are aye required
Who conquer pain.

Not always should we grieve, each tribulation
Is sent to purify—to raise the soul,
To fit it for its glorious destination—
A heavenly goal.

Sciatica Cured.

Another Triumph For Dr. William's Pink Pills.

MR. EISELL, OF WALKERTON,
SUFFERED FOR MONTHS AND
GOT NO RELIEF UNTIL HE
BEGAN THE USE OF
THESE PILLS.

Of the many employees of R. Truax & Co., Walkerton, Ont., none stands higher in the confidence of his employers than does Mr. Thos. J. Etsell. He is an excellent mechanic, and has been in the employ of this firm for upwards of ten years. But although Mr. Etsell now ranks among the few men who are never absent from their post of duty, the time was when he was as often absent as present, all because of physical inability to perform his work. For years Mr. Etsell was a great sufferer from sciatica, and at times the suffering became so intense that for days he was unable to leave the house.

During these years, Mr. Etsell, as may readily be imagined, was continually on the lookout for some remedy that would rid him of the disease, but for a long time without success. Doctors were consulted and although he took the treatment prescribed, it did not help him. Then he tried electric treatment, but this also failed to give relief, and in despair he had about made up his mind that his case was hopeless and that he would be a suffering, helpless cripple to the end of his days. Then one day a neighbor advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first he refused, believing they would prove like other medicines, but the neighbor was so insistent, having herself been greatly benefited by these pills, so that at last he consented. The remainder of the story may best be told in his own words.

"When I began taking these pills," said Mr. Etsell to a reporter of the Telescope. "I had been off work for three months. The cords of my right leg were all drawn up, and I could only limp about with the aid of my stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I could not sleep at all during the night, and I was in misery both night and day. At first I thought the pills were doing me no good but after I had taken six boxes I fancied I was feeling better, and was encouraged to continue the treatment. After that I got better every day, and by the time I had taken about fifteen boxes every vestige of pain had disappeared. For over a year," continued Mr. Etsell, "I have not had a twinge of pain, and although I am forty years of age I feel as well as when I was twenty. Pink Pills cured me, and I have no hesitation in announcing them the best medicine in the world for sciatica."

The cure of Mr. Etsell proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine, and that their power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nerves places them beyond all other medicines. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

To be content, look backward on those who possess less than yourself, not forward on those who possess more. If this does not make you content, you don't deserve to be happy.—Benjamin Franklin.